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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1904. NUMBER 2

THE LAST CAMP FIRE.

Scar not earth's breast that I may have
Somewhere above her heart a grave;
Mine was a life whose swift desire
Bent ever less to dust than fire;
Then through the swift white path of flame
Send back my soul to whence it came;
From some great peak, storm challenging,
My death-fire to the heavens fling;
The rocks my altar, and above
The still eyes of the stars I love;
No hymn save as the midnight wind
Comes whispering to seek his kind.

Heap high the logs of spruce and pine,
Balsam for spices and for wine;
Brown cones, and knots a golden blur
Of hoarded pitch, more sweet than myrrh;
Cedar to stream across the dark
Its scented embers spark on spark;
Long, shaggy boughs of juniper,
And silvery, odorous sheaves of fir;
Spice-wood to die in incense smoke
Against the stubborn roots of oak,
Red to the last for hate or love
As that red, stubborn heart above.

Prescott, Arizona.

Watch till the last pale ember dies,
Till wan and low the dead pyre lies,
Then let the thin white ashes blow
To all earth's winds a finer snow;
There is no wind of hers but I
Have loved it as it whistled by;
No leaf whose life I would not share,
No weed that is not some way fair;
Hedge not my dust in one close urn,
It is to these I would return,—
The wild, free winds, the things that know
No master's rule, no ordered row.

To be, if nature will, at length
Part of some great tree's noble strength;
Growth of the grass; to live anew
In many a wild flower's richer hue;
Find immortality indeed
In ripened heart of fruit and seed.
Time grants not any man redress
Of his broad law, forgetfulness,—
I parley not with shaft and stone,
Content that in the perfume blown
From next year's hillsides something sweet
And mine, shall make earth more complete.

SHARLOT M. HALL.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Tower Hill Encampment

FOURTEENTH SEASON OPEN FROM JULY 1st TO SEPTEMBER 15th

IT is now time to make plans for next summer. Tower Hill is a place beautiful in situation, "far from the madding crowd," rich in traditions of earnest and free work and in the blessed memories of spiritual helps and helpers. There is a little colony of residents who seek retirement and renewal. There are a few cottages, rooms in long-houses, and tenting privileges; a common dining room, ice-house, water works, barns with horses, cows and garden, and the best of water from hydrants at the doors.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

Fifteenth Season, will extend through Five Weeks—July 17th to August 20th, inclusive.

DAILY PROGRAM---SATURDAYS FREE

Period I. 8:30-9:30—Science. Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Principal of the Menomonie High School and President of the Tower Hill Summer School, in charge, assisted by Miss Rosalia A. Hatherell, of the Hillside Home School and Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa. Major Study, Fungi; minor study, insects and birds.

Period II. 10:00-10:30—Normal Work. First year of the seven years' course in religion, "Beginnings; or The Cradle Life of the Soul" Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Period III. 10:45-12. First two weeks, studies in Sociology, from John Ruskin. Mr. Jones.

Third week. The Prometheus Cycle of Legends by Miss Anne B. Mitchell. This study is for the purpose of extending acquaintance with myths that originate with the early races, grow clearer in the heroic legends of Hesiod and Homer, attain large proportions in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, find fanciful outlet in "The Masque of Pandora" of Longfellow, noble rendering in the hands of Lowell and Gœthe, and reach culminating expression in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.

Fourth week. Some of Browning's Dramas. Mr. Jones.

Fifth week. Recent Poetry. Mr. Jones.

Afternoons, no work, evenings, lectures, stereopticon exhibits, at pleasure.

Porch readings, when school is not in session, the poetry of George Eliot, with perhaps a preliminary reconnoiter in Dante, in preparation for an other year.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR SUNDAYS

For full particulars concerning encampment privileges, address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen; concerning the Summer School, address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, both at 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1904. NUMBER 2

Why not suggest the other connection? The following bit of infant theology is suggestive to parents and teachers. A little boy interrupted his mother's explanation of electric lights and cut short the necessity of power house, centers, etc., by saying that the wires were connected with hell—it was all fire down there; they brought the light. Perhaps a different instruction might give the light a celestial origin. Certainly it is better science and more comfortable theology to bring the fire from above than from below.

A movement was set afoot at Hartford the other day for the erection of a suitable monument to Elihu Burritt, one of the early prophets of peace. It is hoped that the monument will be ready for unveiling while delegates to the International Peace Congress are still in America. This Congress will be held sometime next fall. It is expected that it will be convened in Boston, but collateral meetings will be held in various parts of the United States. We hope Chicago will show the public spirit necessary to the holding of a significant sub-session of the International Peace Congress in this metropolis of the West.

Those interested will find the March number of the *Church Economist* notable for its discussion of the effect which the Pope's prescription of the Gregorian Chant and its modifications as the only music to be permitted in the Catholic church services, is likely to have upon church music in general, both Catholic and Protestant. Our present purpose, however, is merely to register our regret for the anachronism which, by excluding women from participation in this service of song, renews a stigma, for a time partially removed, upon that entire half of humanity which this Communion claims especially to revere by its dogma of the Virgin Mother.

Booker T. Washington justly arraigns the professed Christianity of a section that burns two men and a woman of his race at the stake in broad daylight and beneath the shadow of an alleged Christian church. This is not Christianity, of course, but savagery, pure and simple. No nation in which such things are possible can claim to be Christian, whether that nation be Muscovite or Anglo-Saxon. The utmost that can be claimed is that it is in process of becoming such, and the measure of progress lies in the infrequency of such occurrences and the degree of horror and condemnation which they excite in the popular mind. These latest victims of a race hatred which disregards laws and decency, and the claims of humanity, and converts a people's boasted civilization into a grotesque caricature, may yet be instrumental in serving their race, if the brutal manner of their death shall awaken our superficial Christianity, whose connivance permits these disgraceful scenes, to a realization of the futility of inculcating never so orthodox a creed without requiring an orthodoxy of practice commensurate, at least, with that of belief.

In view of frequently-recurring events in university circles which threaten free speech and the integrity of the teaching forces, it may be that the basis on which our state universities rest promises the only true solution to the questions involved. The last number of the *Dial* has a leading editorial on this "most distinctive feature of the American system." The writer finds the germ of the state institution in the earliest conception of Harvard, which "up to 1650 was as nearly like a state university as the colony was like a modern state," quoting from Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown's recent work on this subject. Other seats of learning, like Columbia and Dartmouth, had a brief term of service of that kind, but it is later and to the Middle-West we look for the American state university in its "most typical form." "Both Michigan and Wisconsin took the lead and have never had to contend against important or richly-endowed private foundations." But both the private and public institution are being forced into a like position by the pressure of a just public sentiment, which if it has not yet been able to cure the great evils of commercialism and the spirit of caste is steadily growing stronger in its condemnation of these two most menacing influences in the social and educational worlds.

Sturdy old Dr. Johnson's advice to "clear your mind of cant" was never more pertinent nor necessary than now, when Russian sympathizers claim for her the moral support of Christendom on the ground that she is a "Christian," while Japan is a "heathen" nation. Such opinion is of no significance, directly, as it can have no influence one way or the other. It is very important, however, as evidence of the slowness with which even his professed adherents win toward a true conception of the spirit and teachings of Jesus. The nominal Christianity which has constituted Russian state orthodoxy for a thousand years, or since the time of Vladimir the Great, has done little toward taming the savage hordes and humanizing the densely ignorant and brutalized masses which comprise all but the merest fraction of Russia's population. The records of the two armies in the late international war with China, and so far in the present war with each other, as well as the internal history of each in the interval, sufficiently demonstrate that, as between Russia's nominally Christian belief, with savage practice, and Japan's nominal paganism, with Christian practice, it becomes the man with defenseless family or friends in

the zone of war most fervently to pray that they may fall into the hands of heathen Japan rather than into those of holy Russia.

The innocence of Dr. Lyman Abbot, editor of the *Outlook*, at the joint banquet of the Unitarian and Congregational Clubs, held in Boston on Washington's birthday, when he assumed that the constitutional revision of so many of the Southern States was a sincere movement against illiteracy and not a direct attempt to disfranchise the colored race in the face of the National Constitution, was a shock and surprise to his many friends. All intelligent men, North and South, know that the South itself claims no other motive—indeed the ingenuity used to save the ignorant white vote is the notorious scandal in the case. A Southern paper is before us which gleefully announces in glaring head-lines that "Maryland is to disfranchise her negroes." It further announces that "the ignorant white votes will be saved by the 'grandfather clause,' as the North Carolinian law is to be closely followed!" In that state, this paper adds, the clause has proved efficacious. Even the real motive in this "Constitutional Amendment" movement in the South may seem wise to the editor of the *Outlook*, but let it be justified on its own merits, not overlooked in a zeal for an intelligent test at the polls, a contention in which hundreds of thousands of voters will join with Dr. Abbot, whose sense of honor and loyalty is outraged by this evasion of the National Constitution and high-handed political reaction. Is this another case of the "children of light" lacking the wisdom of the "children of this world?"

Hannah More's charitable belief that "more ills are wrought by want of thought than want of heart" seems to find partial justification in Chicago's treatment of her firemen. It has not been generally known that those upon whom every citizen relies for protection of home and property, and often life, from fire, are kept upon the rack of active duty forty-three hours of every forty-eight. Otherwise, such a condition of things, no less unwise than unjust, would not have been tolerated one hour. Let the public once realize that to be a fireman is to be practically cut off from home privileges, social opportunities, means of recreation and improvement, by reason of confinement to the routine of duty for a term of hours more than two and one-half times that required of any other class of the city's employees, and a prompt and irresistible demand will be made for some effective relief for this deserving body of men. A very partial awakening to the existing state of things has already led to the passage by the Council of the Scully ordinance, which provides for a two platoon system, giving twelve hours on and twelve off duty. As we go to press the fate of this measure is uncertain, as there is danger of its being slaughtered in the Finance Committee on the plea that there is not enough revenue to add the necessary men to the force. One hour of the Baltimore fire, or the Chicago fire of '71, would be quite informing as to the wisdom of imposing upon the Fire Department that burden which the bulk of the city's property shirks.

Another Heresy Trial.

Professor Borden P. Bowne, of the Boston University, is probably the ablest philosophical scholar and theologian in the Methodist Church. For some time there has been talk of bringing this noted thinker to trial for heresy; but the general outside supposition has been that some way should be found to avoid such a decisive issue. The first charges were withdrawn; but it seems that this was to prepare a more formidable and specific indictment, and the case has now taken such positive shaping that the trial is to be held in Brooklyn some time next month.

The thought of the world has been running forward so rapidly in these wonderful years, and the old theology has been so generally dropping out of present beliefs, that to bring such a great thinker to trial for refusing to accept the teachings of the past as final must to thoughtful minds seem strange. The explanation of such an anachronism is, that written creeds are stationary; they stand still; mind is a growth, is improvable; the rational and moral consciousness is progressive, a process of becoming. Man is a self-transcending being. The new todays of thought and life move away from the older yesterdays.

Religion, like government, should be conservative. It is generally the last to feel the inspiration of larger truths; it is so much a matter of feeling that the heart clings to the past. And then, fearing that a change of faith meant only error and loss, the orthodox churches not having faith enough in reason and truth, in man and God, to trust "the beyond man," sought to bind the future to the past. But in spite of all there has been a growth of the ideas of religion, and with this have come larger and nobler views.

"The Articles of Religion" in the Methodist Church are so a part of the organic law, and so bound by a restrictive rule forbidding any change, that they must remain just as they came from the thought of Wesley. Until some thirty or more years ago these Articles were the only rule by which a preacher could be tried for heresy. The General Conference then added the "Standard Authorities," but did not specify what these authorities are. In case of a trial, the jury is left to decide which is or is not an authority; and if proved guilty the one on trial does not know by what authority he is condemned.

Probably all Methodists would say that John Wesley should be accepted as authoritative in matters of doctrine; but few, if any, now would accept the teachings of Wesley as to a literal material hell-fire in which the souls and bodies of the lost are to be punished forever. And yet upon this point Wesley is especially specific; and in answer to the objection that the sufferers would be burned up, he says that the Lord has mercifully given us an illustration in the indestructibility of the "asbestos."

The Articles of Religion teach the Wrath theory of the atonement; that the death of Christ was to *"reconcile the Father;"* that is, God was angry, implacable, and could be reconciled only by the death of his own Son. The Presbyterian Church holds to the Justice theory; that the death of Christ was to satisfy the de-

mands of the broken law. As a matter of fact, there is no well defined and generally accepted doctrine of the atonement in the Methodist Church; and probably all have given up this idea of material hell-fire. They do stand, however, for the old "life sentence;" that the penalty in length of time must be the same for all souls. But, of course, many of the more intelligent preachers do not believe even this.

All these old theories of a substitutional or penal atonement rest upon the supposed fact of the fall of man and original sin. But these were Latin accretions to the earlier Greek theology, and had but little, if any, place in the more vital thought and life of the first three centuries. And now in the light of evolution and archæology, the story of Eden is looked upon as a mythus, or a legend, a something that never had a place in the world of facts. The foundations are going, and to many are gone, from under these old and long-debated doctrines of atonement. And it is well, for they have long been a burden upon the rational and moral faith of mankind. The Wrath theory of the Methodists makes God less good and loving than the Christ; and the Justice theory puts the penalty upon the innocent and not upon the guilty; it unsettles the very foundations of Justice.

The old Latin orthodoxy, in which Catholics and Protestants are substantially at one, has to face the facts of present knowledge; and the sooner this is realized the better, for it is not possible to much longer hold the awakened thought of the people to the moribund beliefs of the past. Fortunately, the larger intelligence that has to face this crisis has the discrimination to see that it is not *religion* that is on trial, but *theories* about religion. All these old dogmas of original sin, substitutional atonement and endless punishment can be dropped out of sight, as in time they must be, and nothing be lost to the larger and better faith and hope that rests upon the real—the realities of the real.

Instead of a fallen, a lost world to be in some miraculous—not to say immoral—way redeemed, man will be seen as rising, an imperfect world becoming better, a sick world being healed. Instead of an atonement to placate Divine wrath or satisfy a broken law, will appear the love of God—God as good as the Christ; God revealed in the Christ, and the suffering of love to save; in place of the old despair of endless punishment will be eternal hope. The law of moral sequence will remain, sin will bring suffering in this or any world; hence there will be future punishment; but "the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting," and "Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." Instead of limiting the whole process to the few years of time, it will be seen as going forward into the forever.

We could all wish that such earnest thinkers as Dr. Bowne could be encouraged in making clearer and easier the paths of faith and life; but the highways of truth and liberty, of all moral progress, have been and must yet be through suffering. The trial of this latest sufferer will accentuate and give larger field to the truths he has taught. Should he be condemned and cast out, he will have the consciousness and the joy of knowing that he has been true to the vision of the Divine as given him to see, and true in his sacred calling as a leader and teacher. H. W. THOMAS.

Agnosticism.

Amid the shades of gathering gloom,
I sit within my lonely room,
And ponder on my hapless doom.

Whence am I? Whither do I go?
What purpose serves my life below?
I question vainly, naught I know.

No cheering promise can I mark.
My spirit, like a helmless bark,
Goes drifting blindly through the dark.

Not mine in vision rapt to see,
Beyond death's veil of mystery,
A realm of blest felicity.

I may not with the eye of Hope,
Beyond the skies' cerulean cope,
See Heaven's jeweled portals ope;

Nor hear, entoned to harps of gold,
From out the cumulus' gloomy fold,
Sweet seraphs' anthems downward rolled.

I view, indeed, this world so fair,
The landscape bathed in crystal air,
And all its wonderous beauties rare.

I see blue mountains, lifted high
Against the tender, turquoise sky,
O'er which white clouds go trailing by.

I tread entranced dim, greenwood bowers,
Or emerald meadows, gemmed with flowers.
The mighty sea my soul o'erpowers.

I joy in morning's roseate light,
In sunset glories streaming bright,
Or starry witchery of the night.

By limpid lakes, and crystal streams,
I wonder lost in glorious dreams,
Mid moonlight's glint, or sunshine's gleams;

And list to sweet birds' melodies,
Or murmuring winds among the trees
Or rippling waters' harmonies.

Yet more, I mark, where'er I go,
The tides of being ebb and flow
Through all that is of high or low.

Since in the whole creation's round,
From sun to tiniest grain of ground,
Is naught but doth with life abound.

So oft within my mind will rise
The thought, What nature power supplies
The universe to energize.

And though in these I may not see
The proof of conscious deity,
Still speaks an inner voice to me;

Which bids me walk in duty's way,
Bearing my burdens patiently,
And toiling on through life's brief day,

That when, at length, death's night shall fall,
And wrap me in its sable pall,
Men may not deem me useless all;

But say: "He labored in his place,
And wrought, howe'er devoid of grace,
Some little service for the race."

Then, if perchance in some far zone
Mid the vast realms of space unknown,
Omnipotence hath reared his throne,

Before which, from the body free,
My soul in all its frailty
Shall face a dread eternity,

That Supreme Judge's all conscious mind,
Not to my rank offenses blind,
May yet for me some mercy find.

Or if when this life's course is run
I sleep for aye, I shall have won
At least the meed of work well done.

JOHN DENTON STEELL.

THE PULPIT.

Lesson from Charles Dickens' Little Dorrit.

SERMON DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, FEBRUARY 28, 1904.

A hundred or more people, more or less closely related to this congregation, have spent the winter in intimate relations with Charles Dickens, particularly with Charles Dickens in the light of a social reformer. Dickens is a vast territory; we had to confine ourselves to a few points, and so we studied particularly the problems and persons involved in "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit" and "Oliver Twist."

We found in "Hard Times" a powerful arraignment of the crushing cruelty of the Gradgrind methods of instruction and a strange anticipation of the better pedagogy involved in what is now complacently known as the "new education." "Hard Times" was written in 1854 and inscribed to Thomas Carlyle, another man who foresaw much of what is now seen by the advanced thinker. In "Oliver Twist" we found an exposure of institutional charity, a marvelous plea for the humaner and saner care of the helpless wards of the state, the innocent and normal dependants. "Oliver Twist" was published sixty-six years ago, in 1838, and still it is a timely plea for the orphans, many of whom we still have in Illinois, spite of its broad prairies and hospitable spaces, confined in county poor houses and languishing within the cold, albeit elegant, walls of asylums, instead of being distributed in thousands of homes where they would be lost sight of in the normal entanglements of real life, where the relations between them and society would become vascular and they would forget their misfortune in the common fortunes of the community to which they would belong.

This morning I must submit to still more exacting limitations. Tomorrow night we are invited to a party in Dickens-land where you will meet the Little Dorrit colony, a community numbering some fifty or more, many of them more real to us than the people who walk the boulevard; we know them more intimately than we do our next-door neighbors. It will be a company grotesque in costume, representing a wide social range, reaching from those imprisoned in penury and imbecility to high-stepping dames in the social scale, from neglected children to care-taking men and women who lend themselves to the Almighty, through whose hands and voices his providence is vindicated and made potent in human lives.

So we will look for sermon material in this Dickens book of "Little Dorrit." It is a formidable book consisting of 788 pages in the compact edition which I have been using, a work upon which Dickens was engaged for the better part of two years, during the most fertile period of his life—1855-56—the forty-third and forty-fourth years of his age. He was in the high tide of success. All the poverty, loneliness, neglect and anxiety were behind. Popularity, prosperity, innumerable friends and confusing privileges and opportunities were at hand. During these years the home at Gadshill was secured and occupied—the home which he had longed for as a child, the home where the impecunious father had promised that he might some day live if he worked hard and was good.

The story in this book is as long drawn out as its pages, covering as it does a long life for many of its characters, reaching from birth to marriage, and in some cases even to death.

It goes without the saying that such a story readily lends itself to the critic's scalpel. We are promptly told that this is not one of Dickens' best; that his "reputation was not increased by it." We are pointed to many serious defects and not a few fatal blunders; and still the public, the only critic whose judgment abides, has long since pronounced it a masterpiece. We are told that over forty thousand copies of the first part, published at Christmas time, 1855, were sold. Of the second part Dickens wrote:

"Little Dorrit has beaten even Bleak House out of the field. It is a most tremendous start and I am overjoyed at it."

And a few days later he wrote from Paris:

"You know that they had sold thirty-five thousand copies of Number Two on New Year's Day."

And here, after forty-eight years, in busy Chicago, a hundred or more people, forgetting time and surroundings, are re-reading in hot excitement the story that moves so deliberately through these multitudinous pages, and at the end of it all are giving a "Little Dorrit" party. I, who read few novels—and the few I do I must read horizontally rather than perpendicularly—plead guilty to having read every line with increasing relish and intense interest in the height of my season's work. When first I read this book I blessed Dickens for its amplitude, for I read it within the bastion on the front line of the artillery in the seige of Vicksburg to the accompaniment of pinging, singing minie balls. Its sentences were punctuated with the explosion of mortar shells and the crack of cannon. Length was then altogether desirable, and when the end at last came, the only regret was that it was not twice as long. But this winter, when the minister's moments were more precious than the soldier's hours, I held faith with my public, kept my engagements, and yet found time to read "Little Dorrit," though often in the delightful though dangerous "small hours" that precede the dawn, when the world is asleep, when the telephone ceases troubling, and the agent never calls.

My first sermon lesson, then, would seem to hinge on this very length. In these days, when the short story is so much in evidence and the short story-writer so much in demand, it is well to admire the power of a man who once held and still holds the breathless interest of a hurrying public through eight hundred pages, one who could weave a plot that keeps the characters in touch and sight through thirty years and more of time. There is a musical composition written by one of the masters and called "The Symphony of Divine Length," in which the cumulative power lies in the prolongation of the interest. May it not be that this very element of length, so irritating to the critic who must read the book for the sake of dashing off an estimate in three hundred words, is an element of power in the book? The story is no longer in proportion than the lives developed therein. It moves as rapidly as laggard time moves through a hot breast and a tempestuous mind.

Contrasting the impressions from this last reading of "Little Dorrit" with the impressions received from the last current novel deliberately studied—Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter"—I can but feel an element of unreality in the rush and haste of the latter story. The transitions of feeling, the abrupt complications, and the lightning transformations introduce an element of sensation which is avoided by the simple introduction of an adequate time element in Dickens' story.

But it is not my purpose this morning to discuss the art element in this book. Fortunately the ultimate critic is settling that question to the credit of both author and book—I mean the critic whose name is "Time," whose readers are generations, and whose conclusions are handed down through long periods. This book has justified itself; it has held its own through the first semi-centennial, and I doubt not but that "Little Dorrit" will be in demand at the li-

brary tables of 1955 and that publishers will find their centennial editions proving good sellers and profitable ventures.

Of the sociological value of this book I do not purpose to speak at length. Any discussion of this side will prove inadequate if not insipid to those who have engaged in the more deliberate class study, and my time is inadequate to enter upon the subject with those who were not in the classes. Suffice it to say that the book triumphantly vindicates the growing tendency to recognize Charles Dickens as an earnest and powerful sociological reformer. Artist of a high type he doubtless was; as a story-writer he has won eminence; as a humorist and caricaturist he stands in English literature without a peer, unless it be his brilliant contemporary and friend, William Makepeace Thackeray. But Dickens was no artist for art's sake; he was no professional humorist or caricaturist, preparing his wares to satisfy the market. He wrote out of his heart, and his heart was informed by a vast experience and re-enforced by a mental alertness and a public spirit that allied him to John Ruskin more than to any other one of his contemporaries. It was no superficial whim or passing acquaintance that led him to dedicate his "Oliver Twist" to Thomas Carlyle, but a deep undercurrent of sympathy, a far-reaching consciousness of the wrongs of their day, the human sufferings in their own loved city, and a high religious purpose to work for the righting of these wrongs and for the betterment of society, which linked together the names of Charles Dickens and Thomas Carlyle.

Outward evidence is not wanting, were the abundant internal evidence inadequate to prove that Charles Dickens is primarily a reformer and incidentally a man of letters. We think of him where he belongs when we think of him in connection not only with Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin, but with Froebel, Horace Mann, William Morris, Arnold Toynbee and Jane Addams. It was a fine sense of fitness that led certain Chicago friends who have established an industrial community for the purpose of coming into social touch with laboring men, and lighting their shop-life with intelligence, merriment and companionship, to give to their place of rendezvous the name of "Gadshill," the hospitable home of the genial Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens may well be called a grandfather, if not a father, in the kindergarten, settlement, manual training, child-saving, prisoner's relief, reform association, and anchorage movements. Of course every book that Charles Dickens ever wrote was tremulous with human sympathy; but more than that—the sympathies were aimed towards reform; every book was a tract for the times; an argument for reform; an exposure of iniquity or foolishness; and all for the purpose of rebuking the iniquity and informing the foolishness.

Taking "Little Dorrit" as a text book in sociology then, we find at least four social scandals, society evils, so mercilessly exposed that the book becomes at once an argument for reform, as I have already said, a tract for the times. I can scarcely do more than mention the four civic iniquities with which it dealt:

1. The story has its origin and center in the Marshalsea, the grewsome jail wherein London confined her debtors. The plot gathers about its pitiable residents. Here was Little Dorrit born; within its walls did she grow into sweetness and power. The Marshalsea was not torn down until 1887. During these thirty and more years, who can doubt that Dickens' story was one of the most besetting, persistent, and irrepressible arguments against the life-destroying law? Imprisonment for debt is now scarcely to be found on the statute books of the civilized world, although it is safe to say that its shadows darken the pages of nearly every statute book on earth. Certainly among English law-makers no other force can be mentioned comparable in potency with this story of "Little Dorrit" in bringing about the tardy reform; and the book is still operative in driving away the belated shadows that haunt our statute books, cripple our courts and confuse our sense of right and wrong.

2. Had Dickens done nothing through "Little Dorrit" but to give to the world the phrase "Circumlocution Office," he would have made a permanent contribution to statesmanship and given a mighty impulse to political reform. Through the "Barnacle" family the genius of Charles Dickens has given a classic interpretation of the method, the nature, and the blight of the political machine—the despair of justice in office, the corrupter of men's sense of justice out of office. There is "Mr. Tite Barnacle," a "man of place, of gentlemanly residence, who usually coaches or crams the statesman at the head of the Circumlocution Office"; and there is "Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle," uncle of "Mr. Tite Barnacle," a windy peer high in the Circumlocution Office.

> "In the great art 'How not to do it,' Lord Decimus had long sustained the highest glory of the Barnacle family; and let any ill-advised member of either house but try how to do it by bringing in a bill to do it, that bill was as good as dead and buried when Lord Decimus Barnacle rose up in his place, and solemnly said, soaring into indignant majesty as the Circumlocution cheering soared around him, that he was yet to be told, my lords, that it behooved him, as the minister of this free country, to set bounds to the philanthropy, to cramp the charity, to fetter the public spirit, to contract the enterprise, to damp the independent self-reliance, of its people."

Then there was "Ferdinand Barnacle," private secretary to Lord Decimus.

> "This touch-and-go young Barnacle had 'got up' the department in a private secretaryship, that he might be ready for any little bit of fat that came to hand; and he fully understood the department to be a politico-diplomatico-hocus-pocus piece of machinery for the assistance of the nobs in keeping off the snobs. The dashing young Barnacle, in a word, was likely to become a statesman, and make a figure."

Then there was "Barnacle, Jr.," "Clarence" by given name, son of "Mr. Tite," an empty-headed young gentleman employed in the Circumlocution Office.

> "He had a superior eyeglass dangling round his neck, but unfortunately had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up, but kept tumbling out against his waistcoat buttons with a click that discomposed him very much."

I hesitate in reading these descriptions lest I might be suspected of dealing in personalities in my pulpit on Sunday, so apt are these descriptions of men and methods we have known, men who are now running Chicago machines, debauching the state charities and public institutions of Illinois, confusing, corrupting and disgracing the national administration at Washington.

3. Were Charles Dickens' claims to genius to break down in all other directions, they could be substantiated by the almost preternatural keenness of his insight and the marvelous prevision of the corruptions and the high-handed iniquities that were to be raised to a higher state of perfection and far-reaching accursedness that even Charles Dickens could not dream of. In "Mr. Merdle," the man of "prodigious enterprise," the Midas who turned all he touched to gold, the London banker who was in everything from banking to building, Charles Dickens has prefigured the merger, the monopolist and the maker of trusts of later days who have so out-Merdled the iniquities of Merdle, and, unlike him, have not yet had conscience, sense of decency, cowardice—call it what you will—to rid the world of their pernicious influence and put

an end to their iniquitious prosperity and soul-blighting charities by committing suicide.

"He was the most disinterested of men,—did everything for society, and got as little for himself, out of all his gain and care, as a man might. * * * In the little he said, he was a pleasant man enough; plain, emphatic about public and private confidence, and tenacious of the utmost deference being shown by every one, in all things, to society."

Again I am afraid to quote further lest the suggestiveness of the quotation may again render me liable to the suspicion of personal insinuations. Alas, would that the "Merdles" were all in story books and that they might all borrow pen-knives and use them as did the Merdle of the Little Dorrit colony. Are there left any Merdles in the United States, or those who are under the spell of their money and in the toils of the delusion that plenty of money makes disreputable methods reputable and clothes despicable triumphs with respectability? Study them with the help of Charles Dickens; look at them with his scrutinizing eyes, and measure them by the relentless standards of honor which tipped with fire the pen that wrote the chapters in "Little Dorrit" to reveal the distorting power of gold when put before the eyes of mortal. It shows how selfishness blights the sensibilities, blunts the conscience, confuses the judgment, and ultimately paralyzes the fine instincts of the heart. Charles Dickens in "Little Dorrit" has written a mighty commentary on the Eighth and Tenth Commandments, which say, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet."

4. The last sociological contribution I have time to speak of is, to put it positively, the plea for genuineness in society; or, to put the same thing negatively, the exposure of the silliness, stupidity and expensiveness of conventional society with its tireless functions, meaningless forms and soul-destroying affectations and corruptions. I know not which was the more malign influence in London society and which did most to undermine the integrities in the municipal life of the great metropolis—Mr. Merdle, the boomer and the dealer in commercial wind, or his wife, Mrs. Merdle, "the very fashionable lady" who was not

"young and fresh from the hand of Nature, but was young and fresh from the hand of her maid. She had large, unfeeling, handsome eyes, and dark, unfeeling, handsome hair, and a broad, unfeeling, handsome bosom, and was made the most of in every particular."

In London as elsewhere, such a woman lowers the moral currency, bewitches the fancy and corrupts the morals of all her sex all the way up and down the social scale, from Fanny Dorrit, the silly dweller in the Marshalsea, up to such familiar humbugs as Mrs. General, the widow lady of forty-five, who recommended to the young ladies the frequent articulation of the words, "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms, as very good words to give pretty form to the lips."

When more than forty years ago as a beardless soldier boy I read this story, all these characters from the Marshalsea and the Circumlocution Office, the speculators and the high-stepping dames amused me much. They demanded an audience, and, as I read aloud we "boys" laughed uproariously. But now, with the gravity of my years and responsibilities upon me, I read these pages with an aching heart, and instead of laughter there goes up the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long will these things continue, to cheat living men and women of their celestial birthright, to check the diviner impulse of the immortal souls that are ever beating, beating at the doors of the human heart, rendered unresponsive by the preoccupations of society and the vigilant repression and denials of fashion? How long, O Lord, how long will these things retard the coming of thy kingdom here on earth, in the hearts of loving, humble men and women, who find their joy in service and their peace in self-sacrifice?"

The element of caricature, which Ruskin says detracts from all of Dickens' writings, grows less obtrusive, if it does not decrease, with the growth of spiritual insight and the ethical imagination. The superficial reader alone will declare even the most grotesque character in this book abnormal or unnatural.

Alas! how many pink-and-white Floras who bewitch the hearts of young men, develop into the intolerable silliness of middle life or early widowhood described in this book. How pathetically true is the spiritual biography of the Dorrit brothers! The "Father of the Marshalsea," after years of enforced dependency, goes to pieces in his plenty and dies in a palace, imagining he is in the poorhouse. How real was the broken life of the dispirited brother who left off washing when he found himself ruined. I am afraid that the wickedness of Mrs. Clennam and her sudden awakening into energy and potency after so many years of impotency are rooted in reality, and suggests very real power in a science quite un-Christian.

But let me close by naming three characters that are certainly relieved of any taint of caricature, who are as normal as the men and women walking up and down Oakwood Boulevard, and who are the sane, and on that account the saving element in the Little Dorrit colony. There was Daniel Doyce, the level-headed engineer, the sensible, humane and strong inventor; and there was Arthur Clennam, who, by inward worth, rose above whatever was bad in his heredity and whatever was depressing in his environment, and achieved a dignity and a poise worthy the confidence and love of one of the sweetest, dearest, strongest creations of Dickens—the benign, wholesome, sensible, efficient, lovable little Dorrit. Bless her! and bless the genius that created her! We will not laugh at the ardent love of poor John Chivery, for who can read the story of Little Dorrit without "knowing how it is himself"? How can one help falling in love with such a wholesome bit of human nature; such a sensible, winsome specimen of womanhood?

This story was begun under the title of "Nobody's Fault," suggested by an imaginary character who had the habit of laying all mischief at the door of providence and saying at every fresh calamity, "Well, it is a mercy; however, nobody is to blame, you know." Fortunately the story developed too much virility for such a name. Little Dorrit came upon the scene; she made it her business to reconstruct circumstances; to overrule providence, nay, to shape providence, and be herself a benign element in providence such as each one of us may and should introduce into that net-work of forces which is miscalled "providence," until we have thrown in our shuttle, woven in our thread, and become a part of the mystic pattern, the grotesqueness or harmony, the benignity or malignity of which somewhat depends upon the way we have thrown the shuttle that carries the slender thread we represent. Let Little Dorrit, the divine weaver, teach us how we may so weave our threads as to make beautiful what otherwise might be an incongruous and distressing pattern. Surely we can join in the prayer of the broken Uncle Frederick, after the death of the brother who at last had been a strength to him:

"O God, thou seest this daughter of my dear half brother! All that I have looked upon with my half blind and sinful eyes, thou hast discerned clearly, brightly. Not a hair of her head shall be harmed before thee. Thou wilt uphold her here to her last hour, and I know thou wilt reward her hereafter!"

A man who might carve statues and paint pictures, spending his life in making mock flowers out of wax and paper, is wise compared with the man who might have God for company and yet shuts God out and lives an empty life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Higher Living.—XXXIII.

Ignorance of evil may sometimes become the active foe of innocence.

—Clara Morris.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

—Bible.

But in me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me turned and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flavor
And poisoning grew together each as each,
Not to be plucked asunder.

—Tennyson: "The Holy Grail."

The intelligence of each year of growth is commonly understood by those who are called on familiarly to observe it, and very few apprehend the zones of change through which a clever girl approaching womanhood is apt to pass, or understand that temporary displays of caprice or coarseness, or melancholy, or irritability are only expressions of physiological changes consistent with general healthy growth.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before,—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves; and it is best to fix our minds on that certainty instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us.

—George Eliot.

A real crime must come to be regarded as a crime less against the existing individual or society than against the sum of human experience, and the whole past struggle of ethical aspiration.

—Lafcadio Hearn.

Many have tried to describe the differences between childhood and youth, but have only partially succeeded because of certain inherent difficulties, both individual and social. Obviously there are certain physical differences which need but to be noted to be properly estimated. Likewise with these there is a certain change of mental and emotional attitude towards both self and others, which probably constitutes an equally, if not more important, characteristic of youth as distinguished from childhood.

With the child, broadly speaking, everything and everybody is felt to be for self, and this, without much regard for anyone or anything else. Nor is this feeling other than such as comes with self-gratification. If others are hurt by the way, there may be given a sympathetic glance; but, curiosity satisfied, the child passes on to other sources of interest. Even its own pains and sorrows scarcely awaken anything like sympathetic appreciation of similar states in others.

With the advent of adolescence, and this at no matter what age, the personal attitude undergoes a marked change. The self, while largely retaining its former significance, comes into view as but a part of the social world, and correspondingly loses its absolute predominance. Although much enlarged by the flood of revelations and insights and previsions which are hourly experienced, it must always now look upon itself alongside of other personalities, and make comparisons both material and dynamic. From this point on, other selves have to be taken into account, perforce of natural development. This, the rise and growth of the social consciousness, is the noteworthy mental and moral advance characteristic of adolescence. Around this all things must henceforth cluster, and by this be toned and molded.

Central to this change of attitude, and more than all else affecting the development of the individual, is the rise of the distinctive susceptibility to the personal influence of the opposite sex, and the very definite series of physiological reactions incident thereto.

Perhaps no single phase of human development is now so significant as this. Awakened by the development of newly instituted means of response, the whole personality becomes extra sensitized, and correspondingly suggestible to new orders of impressions. And what so penetrative, so potent, so exhilarating, so exclusive as this primary consciousness of sex presence and attractiveness, and what so far-reaching in the future development of thought and feeling as the copy thus set in the now so plastic sensibility! All the springs of being respond to it with a dramatic luxury and force hitherto unknown. Immediately everything, from the heart-beat and the facial blood tides to the most exquisite forebodings of companionship, pulses into consciousness and fascinates beyond natural resistance. But this accentuated responsiveness and the accompanying fascination being both natural and eventually necessary for the perpetuation of the species, should neither be ignorantly maligned nor thoughtlessly belittled. Nor should the subject who first experiences these be made too conscious of their presence, in any way. Nor should certain other awakenings ever be allowed to become overemphasized. For it is equally natural that these other awakenings will come to most people at this time, either to frighten, or disgust, or annoy, or else to do all these in turn; but it should not be made possible for certain of these people to strangely welcome and dwell upon these views abnormally to no good purpose whatever. In either case, however, the right habit of reaction should be carefully instituted and cultivated. Generally speaking, adolescents are apt to be left to note all these physical and psychological changes for themselves, and to interpret their significance only in such way as may be determined by predisposition and experience. But it is just here that parents and educators make those mistakes which can seldom, if ever, be recovered from. While remembering, if so vaguely yet painfully, their own adolescent conflicts, and, perhaps, still suffering from some of the worst consequences of the haphazard methods of management formerly, as now, in vogue, still this does not lead them even to attempt to get at the real difficulty, or to improve very much upon what was done for themselves. The fact is, they, as well as everyone else, are still under the bondage of certain moral and social conventionalities which effectually forbid anything really worth while being done, in the great majority of instances. Yet how great the need—how great the useless suffering—how great the interference with ultimate adult growth and efficiency, because of this!

Evidently there is pressing need of affording every adolescent such a definite knowledge of the exact facts, and such a wholesome comprehension of the experience implied by these, as will most certainly make the best possible preparation for both the present and the future. Certain of these facts the adolescent must always realize. Certain inferences regarding these facts he is sure to draw. Certain explanations and opinions he is equally sure to get, even though it be from irresponsible and unintelligent, or wrongly intelligent, sources. Often, all he knows as to fact or conclusion has been afforded him by chance companions, who are just as curious and ignorant, to say nothing of being more vicious, than himself. At best, he is left by himself to experience such a tension of feeling, vagueness of mind, and disturbance of body, as seldom, if ever, ceases until either accurate instruction, or knowledge from personal experience, affords the requisite relief. There comes to mind, by way of illustration, the personal account of a college professor of wide reputation and unsullied character, who, after being for years tantalized by the dominant wish of his whole being to look upon nudity as it naturally is, found absolute relief from an account which undoubtedly gratified his adolescent curiosity concerning matters which had

been so much hinted about and yet so little explained. The fact is, the hints, the innuendoes, the stories, the chance observations, which go to make up the impressions which adolescents ordinarily get about sex matters, are always so dangerous that the demand is, the absolute imperative is, that all these shall be speedily supplemented by accurate knowledge, given by parents, or, if these are incapable or unwilling, then by physicians or other competent instructors, at the proper time and place.

Undoubtedly the proper time for this instruction is in the later stages of childhood; but if this has been neglected, then adolescence is the time, when not only should proper instruction be given concerning the anatomy and physiology of the sex nature, but especially should the psychology of the impulses and tensions arising from these be most carefully elucidated. Commonly, into the adolescent, as into the child mind, there are exclusively read certain perfected adult conclusions, and, with this, duty is supposed to be fulfilled forever. Yet, simply because the well-instructed adult finds himself possessed of definite items of knowledge, and also to be capable of self-control, is surely no complete reason why he should suppose the average young man or woman to be equally so. Or, because, again, certain theorists have associated the sexual function with religion and ethics in most indissoluable significance, is again no reason why adolescents should not be taught that the whole law and gospel of their lives may hinge on the attitude which they shall learn to take towards these functions; certainly all such instruction, if responsibly given, is better than the common course—a course that has resulted in the present morbid overthrow of feeling and thought, which is now out of all proportion to the real significance of true sexuality. The fact is, almost everyone's mind is now apt to be more or less morbid on the subject, simply because there had been generations of repression, and semi-erotic discussion, alternating with reckless, illegitimate relief, and no proper, timely instruction at all—a course which has naturally resulted in a most serious perversion, and vulgarization, and profanation, of this most natural, and also most divine, function. The time has come, none too soon, for science to step in and say, "Stop, and remedy this at once!" "Instead of keeping up the silly taboo of this important subject, bend your energies to learning its conditions and laws, and to giving the growing world the benefit of such accurate knowledge."

For when one is forced to understand the bearing of ignorant curiosity upon the early vice and moral defection of so many, as, for instance, the physician is forced to understand it, one is constrained to believe that here is a distinctive field of higher imperative which should henceforth be carefully investigated and as fully provided for. If parent and guardian and public educator stand appalled at the demand of this imperative, let them be sustained by the consciousness that in properly undertaking and dealing with this aspect of adolescent development, they are undertaking one of the most vitally important works that may fall to their hands. The fact is, Higher Living is handicapped and effectually hindered everywhere by the perversions and arrests of development originating at this time of life.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not. Work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.—*John Ruskin.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

BY W. L. SHELDON.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIII.

When people walk together, for example, what do they try to do in their walking? "Keep step?"

Yes, surely. But why should they do this? It interferes with their freedom. Why should they not go ahead and each man walk as he pleases?

"Because, it actually makes the walking easier to keep step with one another." You mean that you feel more freedom by obeying a rule in that case, than by acting just as the impulse might urge you? "It would seem that way," you answer.

It looks, does it, as if obeying laws really might give us more freedom, if we obey them in the right spirit?

In this connection, I should like to suggest a beautiful word which may bring out the sentiment we have been talking about. When people act together for a certain purpose, it is sometimes said that they—now can you think what to add? It begins with the letter C, and then a double o.—"Co-operate?" Yes, that is the term I am thinking of. They are said to co-operate.

What principle, then, would they be following? "That of co-operation?" Precisely. In a certain sense, therefore, the state is like a great co-operative institution, is it not, in which we keep step together, if for no other reason, in order to achieve more. And we keep step together by OBEYING THE LAW.

Memory Gem.

"The law is no respecter of persons."

Points of the Lesson.

I. That laws emanate from the state by the authority of the people.

II. That there are national laws, state laws, city laws and the Common Law.

III. That the state or government is limited in making laws by the written Constitution.

IV. That people sometimes find it hard to obey the laws, because it may be against their personal desires or interests to do so.

V. That obedience to law is a form of service a citizen owes to his country.

VI. That disobedience to law is like making war on one's country.

VII. That one could have more freedom by being a citizen of a state than if one lived without a government.

VIII. That in obedience to law, we are helping to build up the state for the future and are fostering a spirit of co-operation.

Duties.

I. We ought to obey the laws because they are the laws of the sovereign state.

II. We ought to obey the laws as service due from us to our country.

III. We ought to obey the laws even if such obedience is contrary to our desires or personal interests.

IV. We ought to obey the laws because only thus can we have a state or any kind of civilization.

Story. The Death of Socrates.

When talking of respect for law, I have always been led to think of one great man who lived a long while ago. He was not a great soldier, not what we should call a great statesman, but he had a great mind and a noble character. He belongs to the world's greatest martyrs.

I want to tell you about the death of this man, whose name was Socrates, and of the way he died. He had been a plain man, never making any pretensions for himself, never in any way being inclined to boast or talk about himself. He was not a pleasing person to look upon, being a man with a short,

stumpy figure, with large bulging eyes, so that people who did not know him used to laugh at him a great deal, because of his ugliness; while those who were with him a great deal, forgot about this and even at times throught him handsome, because of the way he could talk and of what he would say. The man's mind and character seemed all to come into his face when he was teaching others.

Socrates gave himself over to the life of a teacher. There were no public schools such as we have nowadays; but what he tried to do was to teach grown people. He used to go out into the streets or the market places where the people came in great numbers, and there he would talk with them. His chief purpose was to get the people to think about right and wrong and to care more about leading a good life. Even bad people, many of them, were fond of him and stood in awe of him because of his simplicity. He was poor and he cared little about what he had to eat and drink, because of his desire to try and influence people about those higher things.

By and by, however, some of the people in the city of Athens, where he lived, grew tired of him and began to hate him. He made them uncomfortable by all the time talking about the kind of life which they despised. At last when he became an old man, an effort was made to have him tried before the courts for wicked teachings, in order that he might be put to death. It is almost impossible for us to understand this, because his teachings had been just the opposite of wicked. But they told lies about him, brought witnesses who made charges that were not true, and in this way the great Socrates was condemned to die.

He was now about seventy years old. I suppose it cut him to the heart to think that people whom he had loved so much and for whom he had worked so hard, and to whom he had tried to be a teacher of good things, could be the very ones to turn about and wish to put him to death. But he had a sweet, gentle nature, which led him to wish to return good for evil. He seems to have shown no anger at the judgment against him, believing that in the course of time the world would understand his motives and appreciate what he was trying to do. His belief in the matter was justified, because now the world looks upon him as having been a martyr, one who died for a noble cause. It is because of his calm, beautiful way in meeting death that I am telling you about him.

It seems that while he was in prison, an opportunity came to him by which he might escape. The people would not have known of it until he was free. He had a chance to run away, go to some other country and pass the rest of his days in peace. And what do you suppose he did when this chance was made known to him?

One of his friends came to him, urging him to flee, and said to him: "O my dear Socrates, let me entreat you once more to take my advice and escape, for if you die I shall not only lose a friend who can never be replaced, but there is another evil; people who do know you and me will believe that I might have saved you if I had given money, but that I did not care. Can there be a worse disgrace than this, that I should be thought to value money more than the life of a friend? For the many will not be persuaded that I wanted you to escape and that you refused."

And to this Socrates answered: "But why should we care about the thinking of the many? Good men, and they are the only persons worth considering, will think of these things as they happen." And Socrates refused to escape, because, as he said, it had been decided by the law and the government under which he lived that he should be put to death. His reply was: "It is better to die by obeying the laws than to escape by defying them."

But the man went on pleading with him and trying in every possible way to win him over to the plan for escaping from the prison. And then Socrates pictured to him a kind of dream which we may fancy had come to him. It was to him as if the laws of the government stood before him like human persons and began to talk with him. They had heard that he was thinking of escaping and they said to him: "Tell us, Socrates, what are you about? Are you going by an act of yours to overturn us, the laws, and the whole state as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals? Tell us what complaint you have to make against us, which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state? In the first place, did we not bring you into existence? Well, then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that the country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother, father, or any ancestor; and that when you are punished by her the punishment is to be endured in silence."

The man who was listening to Socrates became very solemn; his face grew longer and longer, and I suppose the tears were coming into his eyes as he began to see there was nothing for him to say in reply to all this. But Socrates went on with his dream.

He told the man how these laws said to him: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. He who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong; first, because in disobeying us, he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us, that he will duly obey our commands. Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up; think not of life first and of justice afterwards, but first of all of justice. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil, a victim not of the laws, but of men."

The man who had been pleading with Socrates had not a thing to say. He saw that there was no use in urging him further. His heart sank within him as Socrates added: "This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears and prevents me from hearing any other, and I know that anything more which you can say will be in vain. Yet speak if you have anything to say." But the man could only answer: "I have nothing to say, Socrates."

And so a day or two after this as his friends were sitting around him, Socrates took his last farewell from them. The time had come when he should die. He had refused to escape because he said he felt that he ought to obey the law. According to the customs of those days, a man was put to death by being obliged to drink the poison of hemlock. At this moment, sweetly and gently as if he were lying down to slumber for the night, this brave martyr took the cup in his hand and drank the hemlock. He died as he had lived, in *obedience to law.*

Classic for Reading or Recitation.

*"The strength is in the men, and in their unity and virtue, not in their standing room: A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools; and only that nation gains true territory which gains itself. * * * Remember, no government is ultimately strong, but in proportion to its kindness and justice; and that a nation does not strengthen, by merely multiplying and diffusing itself. * * * It multiplies its strength only by increasing as one great family, in perfect fellowship and brotherhood. * * * Make your national conscience clean, and your national eyes will soon be clear."—Ruskin.*

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—Be a little cautious about making too much of the *utility*-side in discussing the principle of obedience to law. We want the young people to understand that they are to obey a law because it is the law of their country, whether they see the good of it or not. And yet, as there is so much disobedience to law nowadays and so many laws are not enforced, and as the pupils must know of this, under such circumstances it may be better for them to have the principle reasoned out a little. We may also need to carry out the point further, as to why they should obey laws which are against their own interests. This fact will come harder for them to understand. The duty which occurs in certain great instances of deliberately disobeying a law, need not be dwelt upon. The tendency will be to disobey law much more than to obey it. The emphasis should, therefore, be on the supreme point of obedience to the law. Yet there is no purpose in making the principle too absolute, owing to the recognized disobedience to certain laws going on all the while, and by the best citizens. The most we can do is to try and arouse a feeling of *regard for law,* influencing the *feeling* of the young on this point, rather than giving them absolute principles. For pictures in connection with this lesson, we might use photographs of some of the great legislative halls or parliament buildings, including the capitol in Washington, the parliament buildings in London, also the great Reichstag building, in Berlin. Then show some of the "State Houses" in this country, such as the great State House in Albany, New York, costing many millions, also the Capitol Building in Boston, Mass. In the same connection introduce a picture of the State House in Philadelphia, where the

Declaration of Independence was signed. For the story in connection with this lesson, read an account of the "Death of Socrates." Have a large picture of Socrates on the easel and unveil it at a certain point when you are reading an account of his last days.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Book-Lover.

I love a book, if there but run
From title-page to colophon
Something sincere that sings or glows,
Whate'er the text be, rhyme or prose.
And high-perched on some window-seat,
Or in some ingle-side retreat,
Or in an alcove consecrate
To lore and to the lettered great,
For happiness I need not look
Beyond the pages of my book.
Yea, I believe that like an elf
I'd be contented with a shelf
If thereupon with me might sit
Some work of wisdom or of wit
Whereto, at pleasure, I might turn,
And the fair face of Joy discern!

I love a book,—its throbbing heart!
And while I may not hold the art
That dresses it in honor scant,—
The tree-calf "tooled" or crushed" Levant,—
Rather a rare soul, verily,
Than a bedizened husk for me!
So, though no Midas' magic hands
To gold transmute my barren sands,
Though friendly Fame deign not to lay
About my brows the vine and bay,
Though fond eyes marry not with mine,
Nor lip to lip give sacred sign,
The core of all content I know,
A blessing that is balm for woe;
On life with level gaze I look,
And all because I love—a book!

—*Clinton Scollard, in the February Atlantic.*

Reviews by Mr. Chadwick.

THE NATURE OF MAN.*

M. Metchlikoff's "Studies in Optimistic Philosophy" are not exactly optimistic studies in the philosophy of human nature. For many people they will be profoundly discomforting. It is a far cry from them to George Herbert's familiar line, "Man is all symmetry, full of proportions." Here the persuasion is that man, "a kind of miscarriage of an ape endowed with profound intelligence and capable of great progress," is a bundle of disharmonies. These are treated with great frankness, especially those of the digestive and reproductive organs. Concerning the latter we have in the preface a word of apology. When writing his book M. Metchlikoff did not have the general public in mind, but professional pathologists and biologists. It would perhaps have been as well to publish the book as a medical treatise. Offered to the general public it is a piece of literary incontinence. But the writer is one of Pasteur's ablest collaborators and his book is a profoundly serious and important one. Its motto might have been, "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." Long life is M. Metchlikoff's ideal salvation. To him it seems an admirable and entirely satisfactory substitute for personal immortality, the superstitious desire for which should be rooted out, while "the instinct of natural death" should be cultivated. It seems to me that M. Metchlikoff does less than justice to the average strength of this instinct. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Aes Triflex" impresses me as a much fairer presentation of the facts. But death is not natural, we are assured, coming at the end of three score years and ten or four score years. We are wound up for one hundred and forty years and ought to run from one hundred to one hundred and twenty, at least, in good order. Our principal defect is a large intestine which encourages microbes; 128,000,000 new every morning or fresh every evening. Physiologically, it has come to stay, but pathologically it can be modified advantageously. One of M. Metchlikoff's great discoveries is that of the phagocytes that eat up the bacteria, but lacking a sufficient abundance of these, feed on our normal tissues. Hence the problem to keep the action of these within bounds and to introduce the microbes that will fight the "wild microbes" and conquer them. A diet of sour milk is M. Metchlikoff's principal specific. Besides, we must eat nothing which is not thoroughly cooked. Is it not possible that to give one's mind much to these studies would be to make life "a meditation on death" to an unprecedented degree? Also that a shorter term of life would be more desirable than a diet based upon the exigencies of the good microbes and tending to eliminate those of the baser sort? "We do not wish to live," said Emerson, "to wear out our old clothes."

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.*

This is the third volume published of Lord Acton's history; the seventh, dealing with America, having anticipated its due order. The present volume deals with a subject that would have been particularly trying to Lord Acton's generosity, seeing that he was a devout Roman Catholic; a better one than Pius IX., of whom he said, when asked if he would remain a Catholic after the dogma of infallibility had been pronounced, "Why should I change my religion because the Pope has changed his?" The treatment of the Protestant Reformation in this volume, without failing to be critical, is entirely sympathetic. The writers of the nineteen chapters are a smaller number of persons, several of the chapters having been written, in some cases, by one writer, no less than five by A. F. Pollard, a thoroughly competent writer, Mr. Sidney Lee's principal assistant on the National Dictionary of Biography, after the retirement of Sir Leslie Stephen from the chief editorship and Mr. Lee's accession to his place. Principal Fairbairn is the author of the two chapters, one upon Calvin and the Reformed Church, and a concluding one on Tendencies of European Thought during the Reformation. That upon Calvin abounds in wise discrimination. Calvin's service is found to endure much more in his organization of the reformed churches than in his dogmatic contribution. The general conception of the Reformation as a politico-religious development is that of Seebohm in his admirable "Era of the Protestant Revolution." We had looked to find Seebohm's name in the list of writers, but it does not appear. The opening chapter treats of Medicean Rome; the next two of the royal houses of Hapsburg and Valois. Dr. Lindsay, a Free Church Scotch Presbyterian, writes the chapter on Luther, which takes him to the Wartburg, the subsequent stages of his career being treated in other chapters by Mr. Pollard and Mr. Whitney, of Quebec, who writes on Zwingli and Helvetic Reformation. A. A. Silby, of King's College, writes of the Reformation in France; W. E. Collins of the Catholic South; Dr. Gairdner of Henry VIII., a subject on which he is a specialist of the highest rank. Concerning Edward VI., we again have Mr. Pollard, who admirably discriminates the genuine reformation of Edward's time from the merely royalized Romanism of

*The Nature of Man: Studies in Optimistic Philosophy. By Elie Metchnikoff, professor at the Pasteur Institute. English translation edited by P. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoological Society of London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1903.

*The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL. D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt. D.; Stanley Leathers, M. A. Vol. II., The Reformation. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

Henry VIII. A Scot, but not a preferred one, writes of the Anglican Settlement and the Scottish Reformation; Mr. Collins his second chapter on the Scandinavian North, to which Mr. Stanley Leathes adds a too brief chapter on the Polish Reformation, while R. V. Lawrence, of Trinity College, treats the very interesting matter of Roman Catholic reform as developed in obedience to the stress of the Protestant reformation. The work as a whole has evidently the defects of its qualities. We have not the satisfaction of viewing the whole scene through the clear eyes of a strong individual historian. Yet in the multitude of counsellors there is perhaps more wisdom than there would be in a unique performance. The work as a whole belongs to the school of Freeman rather than to that of Green. Its strength is in the minuteness of its research rather than in the effectiveness of its presentation, while of this last there are various degrees and the interest is maintained in many chapters by the clear vigor of the treatment where there is least to engage us in the style. Everywhere we are instructed how many and what diverse motives entered into a movement which to ordinary apprehension was one of extreme simplicity.

A NEW LIFE OF JEREMY TAYLOR.*

The volumes of the Macmillan Company's new series of their "English Men of Letters" are appearing in quick succession. The individual volumes represent many degrees of value. We have read the eleven volumes with some care. Sir Alfred Lyall's "Tennyson" is the best of them; Sir Leslie Stephens' "George Eliot" comes next: Mr. Chesterton's "Browning" next, for all its inclination to find everywhere in paradox the measure of truth. Mr. Gosse's "Jeremy Taylor" comes next after these in order of excellence. Less brilliant than Mr. Chesterton's book, it is more convincing. His task is quite a different one from that of the biographers who deal with contemporary subjects. Taylor has been nearly two hundred and forty years dead and his character, genius and environment are less easily evoked than those of a writer lately here with us. It is remarkable that Mr. Gosse's book is the first detailed biography of Taylor. But there have been approximations, notably in Bishop Heber's "Life of Taylor," introductory to an extended edition of his works in 1822. Heber's work was revised by Rev. C. P. Eden with great care and excellent effect. Eden was suspicious of certain data which Heber had used with much freedom, the reminiscences of a certain (rather uncertain) Lady Wray. Mr. Gosse has been led to consider them as a mystification or hoax and hence Taylor is stripped of the flattering distinction of having married a natural daughter of King Charles I. and of some other associations with that weak-minded sovereign. Thanks to Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Gosse's reputation is not of the best, but while here, as in his life of Dr. Donne, sometimes mistaking the plausible for the actual, his guidance in general is quite safe.

There are seven chapters in his book. Three of these, following one on Taylor's childhood and youth, are devoted to his experiences during the Civil War and under the protectorate. Two describe his unhappy experiences as an Irish bishop. One, the most admirable, defines Taylor's place in literary history. Taylor was an ecclesiastical courtier, obsequious to the persecuting Laud and devoted to the interests of Charles. His most fruitful years were those from 1647 to 1653, when he was in retirement with a prudent royalist. His "Liberty of Prophesying" was produced earlier and its liberality had no root in his character. As an Irish bishop he forgot its teachings, or repudiated them, and dealt with refractory Presbyterians with much severity. With great felicity of expression but not equal power, much skill in casuistry, and something of Laud's own intellectual modernness, he was less a spiritual force than a dainty purveyor of rhetorical piety, and his character was much inferior to his mind. Those who have a lively predilection for a man behind a book will find Mr. Gosse's account of Taylor discouraging. It may heighten their appreciation of Taylor's writings; it will not heighten their admiration for the man who impressed on them their beautiful form.

*English Men of Letters. Jeremy Taylor. By Edmund Gosse. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

MODERN PREACHERS.*

Dr. Brastow is Professor of Practical Theology in Yale University, and the chapters in this book were originally presented in the form of lectures to the students of that University in its divinity school. Plenty of pains-taking work is here, but the outcome is not particularly instructive or inspiriting. We doubt if this analytic method, which is very nice in its discrimination, would be so fruitful for the young theologian as to read attentively so many sermons by Beecher, Bushnell and the other preachers as we have chapters here. Somehow the essential spirit of these men seems to evaporate in the process to which they are exposed. But the subjects are well chosen, with Guthrie at bottom of the scale; at the top Newman, or Schweiermacher, or Brooks, or Beecher, or Bushnell, or Spurgeon, according to one's individual taste. The young theologues of Yale probably got little notion of the immense administration of the traditional theology in the mind of Schleiermacher from Dr. Brastow's exposition. Aristotle was not more the "master of those who know" for the mediæval schoolmen than Schleiermacher has been the master of those who equivocate among modern theologians. Robertson is the second subject, next Beecher, then Bushnell; following these, in this order, Brooks, Newman, Mozley, Guthrie and Spurgeon. While the treatment is at once formal and diffuse, the criticism is generally valid, and the reader will be interested to find many of his own impressions distinctly and accurately named. The least known of these preachers probably is J. B. Mozley. He was certainly one of the most intellectual of Dr. Brastow's nine of the least popular. If Mozley's "Reversal of Human Judgment" is not "the greatest sermon of modern times," as Dr. Wm. M. Taylor thought and said, the New England college president was wise who read it once a year as a moral tonic, and those who are not college presidents would do well to follow his example. But it is strange that Dr. Brastow should miss the most obvious trait of Mozley's mind—his love of paradox. That things which seem so are otherwise, is the most fond persuasion of his mind. It is a strange inversion of the truth to say that Newman's "Development of Christian Doctrine" was an attempt to apply the modern doctrine of evolution to the development of Roman Catholic dogma. The fact is that Newman's book was written some fifteen years in advance of any publication of the modern doctrine of evolution by either Darwin or Spencer.

*Representative Modern Preachers. By Lewis O. Brastow, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

A man's house should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early and the evening tarries so late that the days have twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the center of joy, equatorial and tropical.—*Richter.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Way and the End.

A little trouble here and there,
Upon the way I have to wend;
The dust at times beclouds the air,
But often is the landscape fair,
And beautiful appears the end!

I know it lies behind the wood—
Beyond the bend of winding road;
Nor is it far, I've understood,
And O the welcome is so good,
And beautiful is that abode!

Who cares for dust or frown of foes,
Or any trouble by the way,
When every step the nearer shows
The home, that with love's radiance glows?—
I'll reach it at the close of day!

And all the morrow will I be
In blessedness of bliss supreme;
And many a morrow there I'll see,
While passes by eternity
With dreamings of my perfect dream!

Fairhaven, Mass. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Foreign Notes.

A JAPANESE TRAVELER IN THIBET.—Kawaguchi Kei-Kai is the name of an intrepid priest who six years ago set out from Japan to study the sacred Buddhist writings in Thibet. He penetrated as far as Lhassa and entered the University of Seru, five miles distant from the Thibetan capital, intending to graduate there, but at the end of a year and a half his nationality was discovered and he was obliged to flee. A detailed account of his adventures was given to Japanese papers at Tokio and Osaka, and an English abstract of his narrative prepared by J. Morris for the *Morning Post* has been reproduced in various Indian publications, including the journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society.

It is too long to quote in full, but in view of the English expedition under Colonel Younghusband and the frequent references to Russian intrigues in Thibet in our current news, some extracts from this condensed narrative seem timely.

Kawaguchi Kei-Kai is a profound Chinese scholar, and acquired moreover a competent knowledge of Thibetan from a priest who had been expelled from Lhassa, and whom he found dwelling in Leh, on the Indian and Thibetan boundary, close to the lofty Dwalagiri. For this purpose Kawaguchi resided in Leh sixteen months before attempting to enter the forbidden land.

It is approximately a distance of three hundred miles from Darjiling, whence he set out, via Khat———, traveling the entire width of Nepaul to the pass close to Mount Divalagiri, where Kawaguchi entered the Himalayan labyrinth of rugged peaks and eternal snows. After reaching the northern slope of the range, he made a journey of two hundred and thirty miles or thereabouts westward to a point beyond Manasarowa Lake, and thence, returning eastward by the Mariam-La Pass, he traveled at least six hundred miles in a direct line through Maugyolland Theang to Lhassa. After the secrets of his nationality leaked out he had more than two hundred miles of most difficult country to pass through—chased most of the way, too—in order to attain a place of security on British territory once more at Darjiling. So that the round journey performed almost entirely on foot could scarcely have measured less than fourteen hundred miles.

It is particularly suggestive to find from Kawaguchi's narrative that whenever suspicions become aroused in Thibet of the nationality of a stranger, it is always of his being a British spy that he is sure to be accused. * * * Kawaguchi Kei-Kai was equipped for his undertaking in a way that must have unquestionably heightened most materially his chances of success. His knowledge of Chinese literature and Buddhist lore helped him to pass as a traveling monk visiting Thibet from the Middle Kingdom, while his acquaintance with the Thibetan tongue enabled him to dispense with the service of an interpreter. But there came a day when, having found that Kawaguchi had entered at one of the colleges of the Sera University of Lamaism, which was open to Thibetans, and not that set apart for those Chinese who come to Lhassa to graduate, a certain priest whom the Japanese explorer had happened to meet a year or more previously in a part of Thibet far away westward, accosted him in the words: "How is it that, being a Chinaman, you are not to be found among the students of your own nationality in Sera?" Kawaguchi's cleverness did not desert him. "I found that the fees in that particular college were too high for me, and therefore I was obliged to pose as a Thibetan and enter at a college in which my small means would enable me to remain." The explanation was accepted, but, as Kawaguchi quaintly remarks, he had then a double-barreled secret to preserve. He had posed to the Thibetans as a Chinaman; he had now to pose to the Chinaman as a Thibetan. When pretending to be a Chinese student he was ever in imminent danger, as it might very naturally be supposed, of some real Chinaman meeting him and endeavoring to open up a conversation, but he took refuge always in the circumstance that there are vast differences of dialect in the Flowery Land, and if he could not talk Chinese well, he at least could write it splendidly, as all Japanese can, so that it usually ended in his being regarded not only as a Chinaman, but a very learned Chinaman to boot.

* * *

Near Shikache, a large town * * * is another famous place in Thibetan history, the Teshu Lumbo, or residence of the Teshu Lama, whom our Japanese traveler designates the Second Pope. In describing the scene of which he was a witness at Teshu Lumbo, Kawaguchi lays much stress on the fact that the Lama of this monastery, though ranking second to the great functionary in Lhassa, and wielding no political power, is nevertheless regarded by the common people with feelings of especial awe and reverence, as, according to the title conferred on him directly by the Emperor of China, he ought, strictly speaking, to rank higher than the Da-Lai-Lama. When the latter dies the Teshu Lama, in virtue of his office, nominally occupies the throne of Lhassa until such time as a new Da-Lai is chosen, much as the Cardinal Cameringo temporarily assumes authority in Rome when a pope dies there. The town of Shikache directly faces the Teshu Lumbo, an institution in which dwell some 3,500 priests. Shikache itself has about 3,400 houses, with a population of 30,000, it is claimed, but Kawaguchi thinks this is much too high an estimate. The Teshu Lama is known as Pan-Chen Rimboche, the "Divinely Precious," and his virtue is great. Kawaguchi considered that it would be a help in pursuing his studies if he could remain awhile at Shikache, and so he entered his name at the great temple as a student coming from the northwest plains, becoming an inmate accordingly of that part of the establishment which is set apart for those hailing from that region. He remained some months in Shikache before moving on towards Lhassa. Here he sought to make himself acquainted with the secrets of the Thibetan system of administration, and the results of his researches may, perhaps, form the subject of a subsequent article. He was successful in obtaining an entrance into the family circle of the Thibetan finance minister, no slight advantage in view of the objects that he had in view, but rendering his position, one would imagine, doubly and trebly precarious.

Five miles to the southwest of Lhassa is the great Lama University of Sera, of which there are three principal sections, the first having eighteen colleges and about three thousand eight hundred students of Lamaism—classed as priests; the second section has likewise eighteen colleges, but only about two thousand five hundred priests; the third section has about five hundred priests. Some of the colleges have as many as one thousand persons each on their books, others have as few as fifty. These priests are again divided into genuine clerics and soshibozu, as Kawaguchi terms them, *i. e.*, outlaw priests, and the latter are far more pugnacious in their ways than

would be tolerated of priests in most other countries. The fees are not very high. A sum squal to sixteen shillings is roughly all that is charged per month by the college, but the students have to remain at Sera twenty years before they can take their degree, which is one that Kawaguchi places on a footing with that of *hakuse* or doctor in his own country. It was while he was in one of the Lhassa colleges that the inmates discovered that he belonged to Japan, and made it necessary for him to quit Thibet and the capital in all haste. But he saw much of Lhassa in the interval, and gives an excellent account of the place and its institutions.

He describes a chvejoe (so-called) assembly of Buddhist priests in the great meeting place of Shaka, three cho (*i. e.*, 360 yards) square, within which was a Hall of Buddha 360 feet square. The enclosure contained a wide paved road, on which the ordinary Buddhist priests were collected together, and also there were buildings with a second and even a third story, in which numbers of these priests were assembled. Within the Hall of Shaka the Incarnation Lama, or Great High Priest, as he is called, alone may enter. Kawaguchi is certain that at the time the Second Pope from Shikache was there the assembly numbered not fewer than 20,000 priests, and on the occasion of the Mon Lama, when special supplication was made to the Chinese Emperor, the number of priests gathered together could not have fallen below 25,000. Beginning at 5 P. M., those priests who were in the town of Lhassa all went in response to the sound of a whistle, he states, to recite their litanies, and they were allowed refreshments of tea with butter in it at half-hourly intervals, reading aloud meanwhile at the top of their voices. Among those 20,000 or so priests the real Buddhist priests were but few. The bulk of them were *soshi-bozu*, wanderers who had come there for mere pleasure, their object to eat and drink rather than to engage in religious exercises. They hummed tunes into their coat-sleeves, and generally shocked Kawaguchi with their levity and the disgusting character of the conversation that they carried on among themselves, which was of fighting, thieving and even worse crimes, vulgar and nauseous in the extreme. Later on in the morning, he says, they were feeding grossly, like a set of "bald-headed eagles," on parched wheat and tea, fortifying themselves in this fashion for further devotions, and struggling fiercely for cups of rice gruel or *congee* to finish the meal with. The severity of Kawaguchi's criticisms of these "outlaw priests" may be excused, perhaps, on the ground of their palpably complete indifference to the tenets of that faith in which he had been brought up, and to which, though they nominally adhered, they hourly did violence.

The account which Kawaguchi has to give of the mounted robbers who infest the caravan routes through the Korkache is vivid and instructive. No stronger proof could be had of the lamentable lack of efficient government in Thibet than that which the priest's narrative affords. He had just made arrangements with a yak owner who passed that way to place his pack on the animal's back and thus to be relieved of the weight of his few belongings, being at the time excessively weary of trudging through the snow, when three ferocious-looking rascals with muskets slung at their backs, and carrying long spears in their right hands, came in sight, riding their horses furiously. Kawaguchi was utterly defenseless, and supposed he would have to submit to the loss of everything he possessed—food, clothing and medicines. The man with the yak went off at once, saying he would try to get help. "Where have you come from?" demanded the leading highwayman, drawing near to Kawaguchi, who on foot awaited the onslaught. "I have been to Chise to visit the sacred places," he replied. "Did you not meet with a party of traders as you came hither?" was the robber's next demand. Kawaguchi thought they were seeking to get on the track of his friends, and replied, "No, I saw no one of that kind." "You look something like a Lama," the highwayman next said; "if you are one you can tell fortunes and have second sight. Where, then, are your trader companions, and which route will they take? Just solve these questions for us, will you?" It was plain that the thieves expected rich plunder from their meeting with the merchants could they but come across them, and Kawaguchi realized at once in which direction there lay a chance of escape for him. For he felt satisfied that these bandits were of a sort to devote their attention to big affairs rather than to little ones, and saying that "priests like himself could surely possess nothing that it was worth the while of first-class knights of the road, such as those whom he saw before him, to annex," he proceeded to urge that before he could act as an astrologer he must be paid his fee. The idea of robbers paying their victims a fee instead of taking his goods so tickled the precious trio that, laughingly saying they would meet him again some day, they wished him "good bye and good luck," and rode away. On another occasion, however, he was robbed of everything but his books, and it was four days before he tasted food. When too weak to make his voice heard and barely able to move he was succoured by a wayfarer, who gave him a small cake of cream and sugar, which sustained him till he arrived at some tents, which, though they were apparently only two miles distant, it took him four hours to reach. From the occupants of these tents he experienced great kindness, and enjoyed a meal of rice with butter, sugar and dried grapes, forming veritably, he declares, the most delicious fare that it had ever been his lot to taste.

M. E. H.

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

LECTURES AND PULPIT SUPPLY—Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has a number of lectures on literary and social topics and is prepared to supply pulpits in the absence of the regular pastor. Address 196 E. Forty-fourth street, Chicago. Telephone, 1671 Drexel.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—Rev. W. M. Backus, pastor of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, has been elected Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. He takes the place made vacant by Rev. Fred V. Hawley's election to the pastorate of Unity Church, Chicago.

Books Received.

Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York: Lux Crucis; a Tale of the Great Apostle. By Samuel M. Gardenhire.

Fleming H. Revell Company: The Church and Young Men. By Frank Graves Cressey, Ph. D. With an Introduction by Charles Richmond Henderson, D. D. $1.25.

THE NORTHWESTERN LINE RUSSIA-JAPAN ATLAS.

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